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ANCIENT SIGNALS AND EXPRESSES.

THE great desire of the present age seems to be for speed. The world clings most fondly to the proverb that 'time is money;' and considering how much varied experience can be compressed into a few years by the greater rapidity of movement that the costly undertakings we see around us place at our command, we might almost reverse the proposition, however illogically, and say that 'money is time!' Distance, now-a-days, counts for nothing. A train only goes twenty-five miles in an hour, and we call it slow; a racing-boat is propelled by its crew upwards of four miles in twenty-five minutes, and the 'time' is pronounced to be 'bad;' or, again, a man complains that he has been 'almost a whole month' coming from India—a matter of some seven thousand miles.

But the most telling phase of this quickness of communication is, of course, the immense development of our telegraphic system. The successful laying of the Atlantic Cable was the signal for schemes of ocean-telegraph lines everywhere; such an increase as will perhaps attend the taking up of the telegraphs by the General Post-office. Already there are three lines at work between Europe and America; and the Exchange and the Bourse on one side, and Wall Street on the other, are not satisfied save with the news of the last few hours from the opposite continent. Not long ago the newspapers were full of grumbling at the tardy arrival of news from Bombay or Kurrachee, when a *few hours* (save the mark!) might have sufficed; and now we have contrived to beat the sun.

But if our almost universal 'express messenger' at the present time is the telegraphic wire—a quite recent innovation—it may be a matter of interest to inquire how men of old fared in this matter—not our own forefathers, but those who lived and struggled, and thought and toiled, in those bright classic days which possess for us so mighty a charm, holding up the mirror to us, that we may behold our own lives 'writ small,' so to say. We have but a few scanty notices on this

point of ancient telegraphs and signals; but by comparing them together, and illustrating, it may be, from more modern fashions among primitive races, a clearer idea will perhaps be gained.

Fire would naturally suggest itself as the earliest and most ready mode of signalling, as the eye is so easily attracted by light. This, of course, would be most effectual during the night, though a thick smoke would shew on a clear day at a considerable distance. Accordingly, as far back as old Homer, we find Sinon represented as signalling to the Greek fleet to return from Tenedos, now that the stratagem of the 'wooden horse' was successful, by lighting fires on the shore. *Æschylus*, in his *Agamemnon*, describes, by the mouth of Clytemnestra, how the long-looked-for capture of Troy was made known at Mycenæ. From point to point the glare of the beacon-flame spreads its news—from Ida to Lemnos, Athos, Macistus, Messapium; from the dun heights of Cithæron to *Ægiplanctus*, which passes on its tale of victory across the Saronic Gulf to Arachnæus, a hill in the hero's home-territory; and the weary sentries of Mycenæ hail with joy the downfall of their foe, and wait their liege lord's speedy return. This passage will recall to the memory the famous parallel, if not imitation, by Macaulay, in his *Lay of the Spanish Armada*, where the bale-fires rouse England, from Plymouth to Carlisle, for defence against the foe.

Later on, in more historical times than those of Troy, Mardonius, the Persian commander left in Greece by Xerxes, is represented as prepared to telegraph the capture of Athens to his master at Sardis, by similar means. But, at the time of the Persian war, fire-signals had been brought to a considerable degree of accuracy. Herodotus tells us that as the Greek fleet lay at Artemisium, waiting for the Persians, it became known to them by fire-signals that their three look-out ships had been captured by the enemy, though, whether they learned in the same way that the crews had made their escape, is not quite clear from the passage.

The daring menace of Brasidas, in the early part

of the Peloponnesian War, on the harbour of Piræus, was telegraphed to Athens by fire-signals. There was, however, on this occasion much confusion as to whether Piræus or the island of Salamis was the point threatened. This may either have arisen from the defective state of the art of signalling, or, not improbably, insufficient preparations had been made for conveying the news of so utterly unexpected a piece of audacity on the part of the cautious Spartans. At anyrate, it is but very little while after this that, as we are told by Thucydides, signals were made by night to the Peloponnesian ships cruising near Corcyra of the approach of certain ships; that they were Athenian, and therefore hostile; that they were sixty in number, and that they were coming from the direction of Leucadia. The use of the verb, too, in the passage (*ἡγουμένης*) indicates that the art was much practised.

This elaborate use of fire-signals at sea was fully equalled by the information that could be thus conveyed in land operations. The well-known description of the escape of the Platean garrison is a proof of this. It would appear that the daring party who made the sally owed their safety in some measure to the *advance* which had been made in the art of fire-signalling; for the besiegers, finding that their enemies had passed the wall of circumvallation, signalled to Thebes an attack; but the Plateans left in the town had foreseen this, and had prepared a number of counter-signals, to create confusion, and render the Peloponnesian signals indistinct, so as to favour the escape of their comrades. Now, if the mere shewing of lights had been a signal of danger, the raising of other signals from the town would but have put the Thebans still more on the alert. The instance mentioned above of the Athenian ships, shews that *direction* could be indicated with no little accuracy, perhaps by waving lights steadily towards the point to be guarded. We may therefore suppose that the Plateans in the town waved in the contrary direction; and if they likewise gave a different account of the number of foes to be expected, it is easy to see that the possibility of a large force from Athens having suddenly appeared to raise the siege, or even to attack Thebes itself, would completely paralyse the movements of the Boeotians, and make them unwilling to divide their force, or to quit the city, till such time as the Plateans should have reached 'dun Cithæron's ridge.'

These are some of the most striking instances of the use of fire-signals among the ancients. Perhaps we may add to them a notice which Cicero gives of the approach of freebooters being marked by raising a fire on some conspicuous place: '*Prædonum adventum significabat ignis e specula sublatus aut tumultus.*'

Fire-signals were thus, as we see, used considerably at night; but how information was as rapidly and accurately conveyed by day, is not very clear. There are, however, one or two somewhat notable instances. Herodotus tells us that, after the failure of the Persians at Marathon, a party in Athens, suspected to be the Alcæonids, who wished for the restoration of Hippias, held up a bright shield as a signal to the Persians that they should sail round Cape Sunium, and make a sudden attack on the city, while the army was still absent. Where this shield was held up, we are not told. Probably it was on some high point

of Mount Pentelicus, between Athens and the Bay of Marathon (near which our countrymen were so lately massacred by brigands). At anyrate, from the description, it seems to have been near the city; and it may appear strange that so slight a mark should have been observed at a distance of, perhaps, eight or ten miles. But every one must have noticed how often windows will 'glimmer red' in the setting sun, from a long way off, looking almost like a house in flames; and a brightly burnished shield would, in like manner, reflect the rays of the sun to a great distance. We may also take into account the clearness of the atmosphere of Attica:

And to thy sons, Olympian Jove had given
A brighter ether and a purer heaven.

Very different to our own cloudy sky. Moreover, it is not impossible that the ancients may have trained men who were gifted with long-sight to look out for such tokens, as Macaulay indicates in his *Lay of Lake Regillus*:

Caius, of all the Romans,
Thou hast the keenest sight;
Say, what through yonder cloud of dust
Comes from the Latian right?

It is wonderful how the faculties can be quickened in this way by practice. We hear of the Indians and the backwoodsmen detecting objects at a distance impossible to the unpractised eye. De Quincey speaks of the marvellous sagacity of the Cumberland hillsmen in finding their way in spite of blinding mists and snow-storms. And, again, we, who have ready access to *books*, are struck with the retentive *memory* displayed by the Rhapsodists of Greece, among whom to recite the whole of the *Iliad* was no uncommon feat.

The shield was apparently well known as the signal for attack. The admiral's ship in a fleet shewed a shield at the stern as a signal for battle. Among the Romans, however (as we gather from Plutarch's description of the battle of Cannæ), a red flag flying over the consul's tent served this purpose. It is by no means unlikely that the ancients made far more use of the human voice for conveying information than we are in the habit of doing. The soft air of the south of Europe disposes the inhabitants to much more frequent and powerful use of the lungs in speaking, than is usual in the cold and bleak north. Greek statesmen were in the habit of addressing large crowds out-of-doors, in the *Agora*, or the theatre; and the profession of a herald required the continual practice of a naturally clear and commanding voice. Thus nature seemed to combine with art for the purpose; and it is a curious fact, that in Albania, at the present day, the natives are wont to pass messages from hill to hill of their rocky and echoing country by a peculiar intonation of the voice; so that places many miles distant are thus brought within a few minutes' communication with each other. This phenomenon of mountain districts has been remarked by Sir Walter Scott in *Anne of Geierstein*: 'The voice, again, called to him with the singular shrill modulation of the mountain halloo, by which the natives of the Alps can hold conference with each other from one mountain ridge to another, across ravines of great depth and width.' With this may be compared the giving of the law from Mount Sinai, the blessings and

cursings from Ebal and Gerizim, Jotham's parable, from the ridge of the hill, to Abimelech's partisans.

Another well-known means of sending news rapidly, in a country with such bad roads as Greece, was by *trained runners*. Thus we are told that Phidippides, a professional courier, ran from Athens to Sparta to beg for aid, just before Marathon; arriving at the latter city at the end of the second day; and this was a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. The constant gymnastic training in which Greek, and especially Spartan, soldiers kept themselves, enabled whole armies to make very rapid forced marches. In the present instance, the Spartan army, though slow to start, yet, when it did march, performed the distance in three days. So, the old Chasseurs de Vincennes, the picked light troops of the French army, were trained to make swift marches by running one on either side of a cavalry soldier, whose stirrup-leathers they caught hold of. This, we believe, or something like it, is still kept up among the Zouaves. The episode of the Fiery Cross, in the *Lady of the Lake*, shews how quickly a district may be aroused by a well-organised system of running messengers. Indeed, the swiftness of rumour is as proverbial as its exaggeration. Lady Duff Gordon, in her voyage up the Nile, found that the news of her approach invariably outstripped her movements, rapid as they were. The curious story, given by Herodotus, of a herald's staff found floating on the sea at Mycale, and of the rumour that straightway ran through the Greek host of a battle won by their countrymen in Greece Proper, that very day (at Platea), is also a case in point. In countries more favourable for speedy travelling, much use was made of horses and other animals. The admirable system of roads and posts instituted by the kings of Persia throughout their vast dominions—the posts that rode upon mules and camels, as we have it in the Book of Esther, excited the wonder of Herodotus, who says emphatically that 'there is nothing in the world swifter than these messengers!' At the present time, an Arab will not unfrequently travel a hundred miles in a day on one of their untiring horses.

The Romans with their straight roads, the primary object of which (as of Russian railways) was speed for military purposes, provided, we may be sure, the means for making the utmost of them. In the times of the Empire, post-houses were set up along the great highways every five or six miles, with about forty horses at each; so that a Roman ambassador, for instance, using these relays, might easily journey in his chariot a hundred miles a day.

Occasionally, ships were sent as express messengers; the *Salaminian* and the *Paralus* were used for this service at Athens. We do not know what rate of speed was reckoned upon. Herodotus calculates that a vessel would accomplish from six to seven miles an hour by daylight; but as he also assumes a certain amount of progress by night, he is probably speaking of a merchantman; for the crews of triremes often stopped at night and went ashore. The famous chase, mentioned by Thucydides, after the trireme conveying orders for the destruction of the Mytileneans, was noticed as an exception, the crew of the pursuing vessel sleeping by turns. As the first trireme had twenty-four hours' start for the distance between Athens and Lesbos, we can hardly put the pace of the other as less than ten miles an hour; so that the

speed of a well-equipped Athenian trireme may have approached that of a modern steam-ship. Carrier-pigeons were not used, that we know of. To make the famous pigeons of Dodona carriers, would be pushing the rationalism of legend to an extreme point.

WON—NOT WOODED.

CHAPTER XX.—OUR SYMPATHISING FRIENDS.

MABEL bent her head in assent to Martha's suggestion; but she was weary in her mind, and dulled at present to the sense of the misfortune that had befallen her. But for Martha, she would not have looked her own affairs in the face, as it was become so necessary to do. She did not understand the imminence of the calamity. She was still at the rectory, which, though emptied of its best treasure, seemed, because it was the casket that had held it, still like home. Her hardly tasted meals were served as usual; the old servants were still about her. A sense of loss pervaded her, but not of loss of station, or of the means of subsistence. Her thoughts were in the tomb; and yet she knew that in a few days a sale was to be held at the rectory, the proceeds of which were necessary to defray some small outstanding debts of the late rector, including the expenses of his burial. What was left after that—a hundred pounds at most, it was calculated—were to be hers. She had even written to the few acquaintances she had, to say as much in answer to their 'kind inquiries,' and some of them had again written a reply. Their letters lay on the table before the two women, as well as certain business communications, which Martha had taken it upon herself to deal with.

'To begin at the beginning, my darling,' said Martha Barr, 'though it is a small thing. Do you think you are justified in putting up that tablet in the chance to your poor papa? His name does not need to be writ in marble to be remembered here, does it? And it will cost—let me see—thirteen pounds thirteen.'

'I thought the mason said it would be eight pounds,' said Mabel; 'though, indeed, he added, that that was cheaper than he could have done it for anybody else; which was very good of him.'

'Well, my dear, the fact is that there is a fee due to the incoming rector for permission to have it put up at all. Your papa, of course, would never have dreamed of demanding such a thing; but the Reverend Theophilus Bray—I've got his letter here, for I thought it worth while to ask him the question, though it seemed a matter of form—writes to tell us that, "as a point of principle, and in the interests of that church of which he is a humble minister, he cannot indulge his own personal feelings in the matter, which would otherwise undoubtedly lead him to waive his privilege." It is a matter of principal—and interest, you see, my dear; and he would like to have his five guineas.'

'I wish to have the tablet put up, nevertheless, Martha, if I may.'

'Very good, my dear: then that is settled. After all, you will only have to pay half of course, since Julia pays her own share. By-the-bye, dear, when this sad news reaches your sister, I have not a doubt but that she will send for you at once, to come out and live with her and Frederick.'

'I shall not do that, Martha,' said May firmly, and with a slight blush. It was the first touch of colour that had visited her cheek for days, and as it did so, Martha thought she had never seen any one so beautiful. Her black robes seemed to become her as well as any bridal dress could possibly have done.

'I think you are right not to go to Hong-kong,' said Martha simply; 'though, of course, if Ju. lived in England, her house would be your natural home, for the present. Mr Pennant is almost as fond of you as Ju. herself, I do believe; and I have no doubt, notwithstanding that he will be somewhat disappointed at his wife having come to him with empty hands, that his first act will be to make some sort of provision for you'—

'Oh, please—I hope you have not written to say that?' said Mabel earnestly.

'I have written nothing, my darling, with respect to that matter at all. If the offer is not made spontaneously, be sure I should be the last to suggest it. But it *will* be made—through your sister, of course—I am as sure of that as that I breathe. They are kind, and true as steel.'

'I know it, Martha; but they are far from rich.'

'Tut, tut! They are not rich enough to be mean, my dear: it is only persons of really large income and funded property, as your poor papa used to say in what he called his radical moments, who can afford to be base. They have something to spare for a sister who is left des—very ill off, I mean.'

'If it could possibly be avoided,' said Mabel, keeping her eyes fixed on the carpet, 'I would rather not be a burden to anybody. When I wrote to Lady Moorcombe, I spoke of what I could do for myself—I mean towards getting my own living; and she thinks, with what I know of music and French—though I know very, very little—I could perhaps get some situation as a nursery governess.'

'I saw you had two letters by this morning's post, but they did not seem to contain good news, so I did not ask about them. Was one of them from the Grange?'

'Yes. Lady Moorcombe writes very kindly. But—it's very foolish of me to be vexed at it—but it used to be always "My dear Mabel;" and now you see she begins, "*My dear Miss Denham.*"'

'She can afford it, my darling,' said Martha Barr slowly. 'May I see the letter?—Humph! "*Exceeding distressed at your sad tidings—greatest respect for your late father—Sir Henry is out with his gun, or would have written also—will keep her eyes open, and remember you in case any situation such as she describes, &c.*"—Very nice and thoughtful, I am sure, my dear.'

'And in the meantime, you see, Martha, she very kindly asks me to the Grange.'

'So I perceive, my dear—for ten days—after which "*the Lascelles are coming, and she is afraid the house will be full.*"—She is your god-mother, is she not?'

'Yes, Martha.'

'That shews the advantage of selecting your god-mother from among people of fashion; they always know how to express themselves genteelly when you are in trouble. Whom was the other letter from?'

'Mrs Marshall.'

'That pleasant old lady you met with at

Shingleton, and who told you at parting that she felt like a mother to you?'

Mabel nodded.

'I should like of all things,' said Martha Barr, 'to hear what that gushing old lady has to say about you now. But perhaps you have some objection?' Mabel had not pushed the letter across the table, as she had done in the other case.

'You will find some nonsense in it; it is Mrs Marshall's way. She means nothing by it. You can read it if you like.'

'Thank you.—How well she writes for her age.—"*My dearest Mabel*" (Come; I like that: *her sentiments, then, have not been altered by your change of fortune*), "*you must excuse my writing on plain white, but I make a point of having all my note-paper from Leamington, and have used up my black-edged.*" Here Martha looked so comically over the rim of her spectacles at Mabel, that a smile came into the latter's face, despite her efforts to prevent it; the next moment—so conventional is even our grief itself—she looked doubly sad, as though she had wronged the dead. "*How shocked I was at your sad news. To lose a father, whose income dies with him, is a terrible blow; and as for what you tell me about that insurance company, it made me feel cold in my inside, just as happens sometimes when one swallows a whole grape. Why, my dear child, every farthing I have in the world is sunk in an insurance, or at least an annuity office, though I wouldn't let Melcombe know it for the world. He thinks he is down in my will for hundreds of pounds, and is therefore always on his good behaviour. Well, directly I got your note, I thought of a plan. You must come and live with me, my dear. My eyes are getting weak, and I want somebody to read to me; my fingers are stiff in the joints, and I want somebody to write for me. Your knowledge of French will be invaluable to me when I go abroad. I will give you fifty pounds a year and your 'keep,' as the saying is. I have been looking out for a companion for these ten years, and you are just the sort of body to suit me. With me you will see plenty of society. Brighton in November, Bath for the winter, London about April, is my present programme, my dear, and certainly you will have as good chances as any girl can hope for. (What a pity it seems now that you ever snubbed H. W., by-the-bye.)—Who is H. W.?' inquired Martha simply.*

'Oh,' said Mabel, colouring, 'that was a young man at the hotel, a friend of Mrs Marshall: he was not a favourite with Ju. and Frederick.'

'Nor with you, it seems, my dear.—"*Our young papa left Shingleton the day after your departure.*"' ('Another friend of Mrs Marshall's,' explained Mabel, in answer to a raising of Martha's eyebrows.) "*He spoke most kindly and cordially of you, and I shall make a point of writing him a line to-day, to inform him of all that has happened. Of course, nothing may come of this; but he is as rich as a Jew, and I never leave a stone unturned—and—nous verrons.*"—What does this excellent lady mean by that, my dear?' inquired Martha.

'She means *well*,' answered Mabel in great confusion; 'that is all I can say in her favour. Her letter annoys and distresses me exceedingly, as you may guess.'

'I hope it is not an additional annoyance that I am reading it, darling. Of course, I had no idea that there was anything pri—I mean anything—

O dear, O dear! what a prying, curious fool you must be thinking me.'

'My dear Martha,' said Mabel, smiling this time without pricking of conscience, since she did so to reassure her friend, 'there is no sort of harm in your reading Mrs Marshall's letter. I knew well that it was only your eager desire to identify yourself with all my little interests which made you desire to do so.'

'Indeed, indeed, that was all!' interposed Martha eagerly.

'Just so, dear; it was only your loving-kindness—and you were right besides. You perceive, I am sure, what sort of woman this good Mrs Marshall is—I mean how thoughtlessly she rattles on; and even if it were otherwise, and what she says had any serious meaning, I should still have wished you to know it. I have no secret'—Mabel felt that she was growing crimson—'there is scarcely anything which I should ever desire to conceal from you, and certainly not this singular effusion.—Pray, read on, dear.'

'As you please, my darling.—*"The Professor is still here, but by no means in his usual spirits. Do you know I sometimes think it is the absence of a little bird that used to sing to him, that makes him look so glum! At other times, I fancy it is the loss of our gallant captain of the coble."*—Is that another friend of Mrs Marshall's?' inquired Martha innocently.

Mabel became here so diligently occupied with her needlework—measuring some article of apparel against another with such accurate precision—that she could not lift her eyes from it, as she replied: 'Yes, dear; that was the gentleman I told you of who saved Mrs Marshall and the rest of us from drowning. The word coble means a little boat.'

'Oh, indeed,' said Martha; 'I was not aware of that.—*"It is my belief, my dear, that when the Professor dies he will make that lucky lad his heir. I ventured to hint as much to the old gentleman (we two have got quite thick since you all left), and he rumbled away like an alarm (you remember how he laughs), and told me to mind my own business; which (though rude) I think was a good sign. I should be glad if I could do R. T. a good turn. And that brings me back again to you and your affairs, my dear. I have just consulted my good Janet about your living with me"*—Who is her good Janet?'

'Her maid,' said Mabel.

'*"And she is quite willing to come into the arrangement. She objected at first to take hot water up to a companion (if it was cold, it seems, she could have stomachied it); but when I told her who it was to be, she answered that that was different, and assented at once; but I have no doubt I shall have to consider it in her wages. I anticipate no opposition from Melcombe. Give me a line shortly.—Believe me, always, my dearest Mabel, yours affectionately,*

LETITIA MARSHALL."

'That is a curious composition,' observed Martha Barr, as she concluded the epistle. 'But it seems to me this Mrs Marshall is really a good-hearted creature—under the mud.'

'She has been most kind to me,' said Mabel seriously. 'I think she would continue to be so, in her way. But her mode of life—just now too—I don't think I could bear it.' She looked down at her crape dress, and burst into tears.

'My own sweet child,' cried Martha, putting aside her work in methodical fashion, and kneeling

down beside the weeping girl, 'who ever dreamed of your bearing it! Who ever supposed that you could go to Brighton or Bath with their bands and—and—buns, and mix with the gay and giddy at such a time—nobody but this mad old lady could ever have thought of asking you to do it!'

'But, unhappily, Martha,' sighed Mabel, wiping her eyes, 'no one has thought of asking me to do anything else.'

'I thought somebody had, my child,' whispered Martha, smoothing the other's hair with tender touch—'some one, whose dying wish ought surely not to be forgotten or disregarded.'

'Oh, but that was said when dear papa thought that I was rich—or, at least, what seems now to have been rich—and what he said was: "You will live with May." Now, everything is different. I am sure he would not have wished me to become a burden upon you with your scanty means.'

'I have not much, my darling, it is true; I should hardly like to tell you what I have—not because it will not be enough for both of us, for I am sure it will—but because you have such grand ideas, and don't understand how to make a little go a great way. But I never dreamed but that it was quite arranged that you and I were to live together for the present. I say "for the present," darling, upon your own account, not mine. It would be joy indeed to me to have that song-bird, of whom Mrs Marshall writes, in my own poor wicker-cage as long as I live; but she would mope, and moult, and die of the pip. Something better than old Martha's cottage will be your home some day, I hope; but in the meantime you will make shift with that as long as it suits you. The Lascelles are not coming in a fortnight, so far as I am aware, to occupy my spare room. Don't you see, dear?'

'I see,' sobbed Mabel, 'the best of friends and the kindest of women.'

'Pooh, pooh! That is owing to the magic crystal of your tears, my darling. If your eyes were clear, you would discern a much more ordinary spectacle. The simple fact that should present itself is this: this old woman here, ugly and stupid, has been offered half-a-dozen times in her life, by my late father, a home under this very roof—a palace compared with her own dwelling (which is quite a rabbit-hutch, my dear, I do assure you), and where she has always received the warmest welcome. It is only natural that she should now, in her turn, be ready to share with me whatever she has; the obligation will still be immensely upon her side; and indeed I am conferring a great favour upon her in coming to relieve the dullness of her sordid home. That is the proper way to put it, my dear child—the practical and common-sense view of the matter. You shake your head, you clasp my old hand with your pretty fingers: well, well, you may think as you please about it, but at all events you accept my offer; that is settled.'

'Yes, dear Martha, I accept it—oh, so gratefully; and pray, pray let me be useful to you, and not a drag upon your little resources more than can be possibly helped.'

'Useful, my pretty pet? you will be invaluable. There will be the plants in the window to water—and—and a thousand things. I am so pleased to think of my being your hostess! To think of my entertaining such a princess is like a fairy dream! I hoped for it, my darling, but I never dared to

realise it. I said to myself, some rich and stately person will certainly interfere and carry her off.'

To see the old lady from henceforth was to watch a sunbeam in the house; she flitted from room to room, all radiance, putting this and that aside out of the store cupboard for her darling's use in her new home, and reserving such small articles of furniture as she thought would be of comfort to her, and yet were not likely to fetch their value at the coming sale. For it was necessary to be away almost at once, before the auctioneer should come with his hammer—as dread, but less pious than that of Thor—to destroy the household gods before their eyes.

As for Mabel, she had affairs to attend to also, but unhappily they were not of a nature to distract her thoughts from the present trouble. She had to bid good-bye to her humble friends in the parish, and to do so with empty hands. Then there came one bitterest day of all, the last that she was ever to spend in her old home. Every haunt which had been dear to her or hers, and especially to him for whom earth was never more to smile, was once more visited; the river with its sounding weir, where she had sat a hundred times, with book in hand, while her father threw his fly into the circling pool; the wood, with its white quarry, where they had picnicked in the summer afternoons; and the home garden, that was to bloom and bear for other eyes, for other hands, henceforth and for ever. She plucked a late lingering flower or two, and put them in her bosom, then sat her down on the mossed wooden seat which the rector himself had built—he had been cunning at such handicraft—and placed so as to command his favourite view. It was the very season for sad thoughts and farewells—a still autumn evening. The leaves did not need the summons of the wind to render up their lives; the chestnuts fell on the damp ground with a dull thud; the banner on the castle top hung heavily in the misty air. She sat here for an hour alone, thinking unutterable things of God and death. Then there was a patter of feet on the sodden walk, and Martha came and sat down by her in silence, hand clasped in hand.

'Martha,' said Mabel suddenly, 'who was the ironmonger?'

'Lor, my dear,' answered Martha with a start, 'what could have put that into your head?'

'The time and place, I suppose; for half my life ago, on just such a night as this, when I was sitting here with dear papa, you came. I have never thought of it since, from that hour to this, but you had a letter in your hand—I can see it now, with its large red wafer—from the ironmonger; and papa was angry, and called him by some slighting name.'

'The Corrugated!' exclaimed Martha; 'so he did. The idea of your remembering that! What a man your father was for jokes and names!'

'But who was the ironmonger?'

'There was no such person, my dear: it was my cousin Job, the iron-master, whom your papa used to make merry about. He is alive still, though very old, and is said to have as many thousands a year as he has years of age. Poor man!'

'Why do you call him poor if he is so rich?'

'Because he is greatly to be pitied, my dear; for, just as you are unhappy to-night because you are on the point of leaving all you love for ever, so

Job Maddox is unhappy at the idea of leaving all he loves—his wealth; for money cannot purchase a new lease of life. The only quarrel your dear papa and I ever had was about Job. When my mother died, and I was left—not ill off, my dear, you know, but what you would call with rather small means—it was expected, that is, some people expected, that Job, who was my only relative save yourselves, would do great things for me. He wrote me a most excellent letter of advice, I'm sure; I have got it now, with a picture of his chief manufactory lithographed on the note, and *Corrugated Iron Company* printed on the envelope; but your papa was not satisfied with that, and took upon himself to send him what he called a pastoral letter.'

'I remember,' said Mabel smiling—'a letter such as he used to send to the farmers when they refused to let their empty wagons bring back the poor people's coal from the railway station.'

'Just so, my dear. Well, Job didn't like it, and I didn't like it either; I mean your papa asking for anything upon my account; and the matter was always a bone of contention between us. What names he gave him! Dear me, dear me! "The Golden Mean," on account of his wealth and prudence; and "The Corrugated." Cousin Job may not have been very liberal, but I am sure we have enjoyed many a hearty laugh at his expense. How strange that it should have come into your head to think of him to-night!'

But there was nothing strange about it. A thousand recollections, 'buried all under the down-trodden pall of the leaves of many years,' rose up from their graves that night to people Mabel's mind. The memories of the dead, God be thanked! are not always mournful, although the echo of their mirth sounds so sadly to us from the tomb; and perhaps what was destined to be missed most and longest, in the place that was to know Parson Denham no more, was the smile that was a cordial to weary hearts, and the wit that always couched its shining lance in the cause of the weak and the poor.

CHAPTER XXL.—COMING DOWN BY DEGREES.

It is not to be supposed but that other letters from friends, conveying more or less of sympathy, had been received by Mabel on the occasion of her father's death, besides those of Lady Moorcombe and Mrs Marshall; moreover, a considerable number of persons had given themselves the personal trouble to attend the funeral; and each had made some little offer of help, in a neighbourly way. All these had been gratefully acknowledged, but declined. Mabel did not wish to impose her sombre company upon these good people, even for 'a few days,' or whilst 'she could look about her:' the neighbourhood of Swallowdip would have been, at all events, insupportable to her; she could not have endured to be a guest in the place that had so long been her home; and, besides, it had seemed to her somehow that these invitations had been given for the most part in a half-hearted manner. Though she was far from complaining or repining, it struck her that if such misfortunes had happened to another as had occurred to herself, she would have held out her arms to the poverty-stricken orphan, and not merely offered her hand so civilly. The contrast between the warmth of their expressions of condolence with their scanty proffer of

material aid, was remarkable. They thought nothing of invoking all the blessings of the Creator upon her unprotected head, but they evidently thought a good deal of asking her to stay with them from Saturday till Monday. Their former behaviour to her, while her father was alive, had not, of course, been so impressively kind, but it had suggested bottomless depths of benevolence, should any occasion ever arise for its exercise. She was quite willing to believe that their goodwill towards her had been exhibited upon her father's account—that there was nothing in herself to have earned it; but she could not understand why it had cooled now that he was dead. To her his memory seemed even dearer than he himself had been; and his lightest wish had all the force of a command.

Mabel's own opinion of herself, notwithstanding her little reign at Shingleton, was a very humble one; but she felt sad at heart to think how the influence of her father had passed away already with his breath, and to feel that perhaps in a few short months he would be forgotten—'a dead man, out of mind.' Over this reflection she shed bitter tears, which Martha strove to arrest by dry and sober argument.

'My darling,' said she, 'you are very young and ignorant of life, or such ideas would not distress you. If *The Benevolent Mutual* had not turned out so unsatisfactorily, your father's daughter would have occupied quite another place in the hearts of these good people. In one of the few bits of poetry I ever learned, Poverty is said to "freeze the genial current of the soul;" and that is true not only of the person who is poor, but of those who observe that he is so. The homes of your well-to-do neighbours would all have been open to you, had you not been in actual want of a home; but they are now very careful to assign a limit for your stay with them, lest you should stay on for ever. I see by your blush that that is an uncomfortable idea to you, but it is so to them also. One of the doubtful gains which we reap from an experience of life is the capability of putting one's self in the place of others; which is peculiarly difficult for you to do, from your individual character, as well as from your youth. Your dear father himself was older than I, but he never reaped it. He was impulsive and generous to the last, and had a magnificent contempt for cautious calculators. It made him many enemies, my dear, and—well, at least one friend.'

Here Martha paused; and the hand she had laid upon Mabel's shoulder began to quiver: she had intended to be wholly logical; but they were in the dead man's very room—these two—bidding its bare walls and carpetless floor good-bye, on the last night in the old home.

'Men often say of one that is dead, Mabel,' continued Martha with emotion, "that they shall never see his like again," but that is sober truth with respect to your poor father. Of course, he was neither so good nor so wise as he might have been; but, in the matter of generous thought and kindly deed, I never knew his equal; and it would be a great misfortune, indeed, for you, my poor child, to enter the world with the idea that it is peopled by such as he. It would be very hard and unjust upon your fellow-creatures to judge them by such a standard. There is a vulgar saying that "money is the touch-stone of the heart;" and

though this is not quite true—since there are men that are very reckless with their money who have no hearts to be touched—it is in the main correct. No man acknowledges himself mean, even to himself, any more than he acknowledges himself ungrateful; and from long habit he becomes most ingenious in glossing over what is amiss with him in this respect, and inventing excuses for his conduct. Women, in particular, are adepts at this form of self-deception. They will refuse aid to their own sisters "upon principle" (a form of words which is almost invariably used in apology for a baseness); or, "for fear of inducing a habit of dependence;" or, "lest they should seem to be encouraging imprudence." It is necessary to stand on this exceedingly high ground, in order to discover these excuses, and also not to see the obvious need which renders it disgraceful to be looking for them.'

Mabel remembered how Mrs Marshall, a very different character from Martha, had spoken upon this same matter, and how similar had been her verdict. 'Perhaps you are right,' sighed she; 'but I was not thinking of money matters, or mere giving, at all.'

'That is what it all comes to, however, my darling,' said Martha quietly, 'when, as Cousin Job says, "it is fried." Of course, you don't want these people's money, nor indeed their help, in any way; but they are chary of their sympathy (which you do want), for fear you should.'

'I think Mr Duncombe—such an old friend of dear papa's—might have written a line,' said Mabel, 'since he could not come to the funeral.'

'Mr Duncombe has written, my darling.'

'O Martha,' cried Mabel reproachfully, 'you have made me think very unjustly, and—'

'Pray, forgive me, dear. Perhaps it was ill-judged, but I feared lest something which he wrote might cause you—for my sake, you know—to give up our little scheme of life, and—he did tell me not to shew you his letter unless I thought it desirable to do so—I meant to give it you as soon as we got down to Brackmere, and were nicely settled; I did indeed.'

'Let me see his letter.'

'It is quite at the bottom of my big box, my darling, I was so afraid of your getting at it; but I can tell you what he said, almost word for word. I used to think Mr Duncombe cared for nothing besides port wine and legs of woodcock, and I did not scruple to say so; but your father was right in standing by his friend.—"I write to you, madam," says Mr Duncombe, "not because you have ever shewn yourself my ally, but because, in spite of some foolish prejudices and narrow views of life, you are a sensible woman; you will know best whether what I have to offer to my dead friend's daughter in her need is worth her acceptance, and, indeed, I leave it to your own judgment as to whether the proposition shall be made at all. It is not what I could wish it to be. It is not, believe me, what it would have been, could I have foreseen this calamity ten years ago. But the fact is, imagining that I had no one to look after but myself, I have always lived up to my income, and—excellent madam, I fall on my knees—a little beyond it. Well, with respect to the present emergency, I have just been to consult a man of money, one Pickles Thornton"—'

'Thornton!' exclaimed Mabel; 'are you sure that was the name?'

'Thornton—yes; why not? It seems to me that Pickles is more open to doubt. Do you happen to know any gentleman so wronged by his sponsors?'

'No, dear, no. Pray, go on.'

"And the advice he gives to me is this: Buy a presentation for the young lady to the Ecclesiastical Retreat. This is, it seems, an asylum for clergymen's daughters, considerably superior to the usual run of such institutions; and, in fact, a suitable residence for any young lady. I can command, or at least procure, the sum requisite for this purchase; but, of course, Miss Mabel need not know the method pursued, nor my personal share in the transaction. Pickles himself, who is a governor of the place, will arrange everything, in case you think favourably of the matter, and the presentation will be sent in the usual course. I enclose a lithograph of the Retreat—an apparently palatial residence—and regret exceedingly that I have put it out of my own power to offer to Miss Denham—what, I fear, it can hardly be the substitute for—a home."

'I wish you had shewn me Mr Duncombe's letter before, Martha,' said Mabel gravely.

'You surely would not have accepted his offer?' cried Martha in alarm.

'No, dear, I should not; but it would have saved me a headache to know that it had been made. Was there?—Here Mabel's voice faltered a little. 'I know you have done it for the best, and I forgive you beforehand, but have you kept back any other letter from me, Martha?'

If Mr Thornton the elder knew what had happened, Richard, thought the poor girl, must also have known. The wild idea that he might have written had flashed on her brain.

'Certainly not, my child. I should not have kept back this, but that it was left to my own judgment to do so. You will write to him now, of course.'

'I—never!' cried Mabel. 'That is—what am I saying—Of course, I'll write to Mr Duncombe. How delicate, as well as kind, his letter is.'

'Yes—"Duncombe's value increases every day," said your father once; "because, you see, he is a gentleman, and the breed is dying out."'

Mabel wrote that very night, some words that pierced through many folds of fat, and melted a bon-vivant's heart. She loved the old college don for having proved his right to be called her father's friend. It was unreasonable, she whispered to herself, that those who had not known her father should express regret for his loss. It was out of the question that Richard, for instance, should have written. How foolish and wrong of her to have dreamed of his doing so! And as for the Professor, whose golden amulet was the only ornament she wore—well, perhaps he had found a megatherium, or other antediluvian trifle, which was monopolising his attention. Poverty was the weeder of the garden of friends, and had done its worst in her case as in others: that was all.

There was indeed immediate need of all Mabel's stock of philosophy. The farewell to faithful Mary, who had offered in vain to live with her dear young mistress without wage, exhausted her little balance in that respect, and overdrew the account. The driving from the rectory door, that was never more to open at her bidding, was an ordeal which she had so often pictured to herself in all its wretchedness, that its sting was dulled. The

tortured soul, unlike the bruised body, which with every beating grows more tender, has less and less capacity for pain the deeper the iron eats into it; but it dies a hundred deaths in a hundred ways. There was one sad picture which had not presented itself to Mabel's imagination, although it had supped, on horrors of a like kind—the last look of the church, seen through the trees after they had left the village, with the sun shining full upon the chancel window, under which the dead man lay. How cruel it seemed to leave him! Would it not have been possible to live in some humble cottage near his resting-place, until the time came for them to meet again!

The noise and bustle of the railway station dispelled these tender dreams. Unhappily, the Moorcombes were on the platform, and greetings and condolences had to be exchanged. How 'dreadfully distressed' her ladyship was, and 'how nice it would have been if Mabel could have come to the Grange;' and 'yet, perhaps, after all, there was nothing like complete change of scene.' Sir John was not so demonstrative, but he shook her hand with honest warmth.

'You will remember that your father had a friend in me, my dear,' said he, almost in a whisper; 'if ever you need one yourself'—

'Ahem!' said her ladyship significantly.

The baronet had fits of thoughtless generosity—prodigality, indeed—which had to be watched and guarded against by his natural protector; and when he made a promise, however ridiculous, such was the man's obstinacy, that he would keep it.

'Well, at all events, my dear,' said she with fine-lady fervour, 'this opportunity of seeing you, after we had thought we said good-bye, is most delightful. See, Robert has secured a compartment, so we shall have you—and—Miss Barr of course—all to ourselves.'

Mabel looked despairingly at Martha, who, in reply, exhibited two blue tickets.

'We are going second-class,' observed Mabel.

This unprecedented position of affairs was too much for even Lady Moorcombe's justly celebrated tact and *usage du monde*.

'God bless my soul!' muttered Sir John.

Fortunately, the engine at that moment shrieked with impatience.

'Good-bye,' exclaimed her ladyship, and hurried into the carriage.

Martha and Mabel took their humbler seats, and were just about to congratulate themselves on being alone, when, as the train moved on, the door was flung open, and in jumped Robert, Sir John's man. He would have jumped out again, at the risk of his neck, but for Mabel's good-natured smile.

The world goes round, and the stars move on in their courses, notwithstanding that these things happen; cases of shipwreck are described, wherein people of all classes are thrown together indiscriminately, even for months. It would almost seem as though Providence did not invariably keep its eye upon Society. Philosophers and critics may say what they like, but I contend that it was exceedingly embarrassing for Mabel to have to sit in the same carriage with Robert, between whom and herself no conversation had ever passed, beyond 'Haunch of mutton, miss?'—'Thanks,' at the Grange dinner-table.

And it was infinitely worse for Robert. He

blushed, and shuffled with his shoes. It would have been a relief to him to have used his pocket-handkerchief; but he did not dare. He had purchased, as literary alimant for the journey, a copy of the *Illustrated Criminal Record*, but he had to keep it in his pocket, for fear the woodcuts should alarm the young lady. By way of making matters easier for him, Martha Barr asked this young man if he was married; in his intense confusion—for he was a modest youth—he answered 'Yes,' then 'No;' then became red and silent, wishing that he had never been born.

At the first station, muttering something about an apple, in order to cover his retreat, he rushed frantically out in the direction of the refreshment room, and never returned.

'Poor Robert,' said Mabel, smiling; 'I am afraid we have frightened him away.'

'Yes, my darling, it was very unfortunate,' sighed Martha, 'after I had taken such pains to prevent anything unpleasant.'

'How so, dear? Not that there *was* anything unpleasant.'

'Well, I mean by taking second-class tickets as far as Didcot. We change there, you know, and after that— We're not very rich, now, my darling, you see—and Brackmere is a long way off, so I'm afraid we shall have to go third-class.'

'Why not?' said Mabel simply.

'Well, some folks think that people *bite* in the third-class—as though it were the cattle-train.'

'You must think me very proud and very silly, Martha. I hoped that you had had a better opinion of me, and would have begun as we were to go on.'

'Well, at *your own station*, dear, I thought I would just stretch a point; and it's very vexing to find that the very thing has happened which one endeavoured to avoid.'

'My dear Martha,' cried Mabel, embracing her old friend, 'let this be a lesson to you not to spoil me any more; let the rod of Adversity correct me for my own sake; I have much, very much, to learn, and, I fear, much to lose.'

'No, no, it is not much to lose,' said Martha, who had taken out her leathern purse, and was performing with dumb lips some abstruse calculation over its contents. 'Two-and-four and two-and-four is four-and-eightpence; well, we must make our pears and sandwiches serve us, instead of that half-crown dinner at the junction—that's all.'

A GOOD CORRESPONDENT.

If the Franco-German war be fated to be famous on no other account, it will ever be remarkable for the literary talent which has been evoked by it. Never has the newspaper correspondent appeared in such favourable guise; so graphic, and at the same time so warlike, that we know not whether it is Captain Sword or Captain Pen who is addressing us—for indeed he is those 'two single gentlemen rolled into one.' The city of Metz has been exceptionally fortunate in possessing for its historian Mr G. T. Robinson, special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, who was shut up within its walls throughout the siege. It would be invidious to say who was the best representative of the British press, where so many have acquitted themselves so well, but certainly there is none who surpasses this gentleman in giving an air of

verisemblance to all he writes. Some writers—and especially the brilliant ones—have the false art of describing truth as though it were fiction; and others have the weakness for describing events that never occurred. Before this very Metz, for example, it is notorious that the following circumstance took place. A and B were two English newspaper correspondents, each with his particular literary gift. A had great graphic power; but it was necessary for him to have seen what he described. He therefore roughed it with the poor soldiers; lay in the trenches, starved on the outposts; and, on the whole, had a very hard life of it out there. B was, on the other hand, an imaginative genius: it was not necessary for him to see the things that he described, nor even to hear of them; he evoked them out of his own consciousness, like the famous German philosopher—the fellow-countryman of those brave soldiers among whom B did *not* live. He lived at a hotel, remote from the trenches, and mud, and night-work, and composed his commentaries upon the siege of Metz in a first-floor sitting-room. It was necessary, he said, for an historian to be, above all things, calm and comfortable. News grew rare, and action slack. The Germans sat down outside Metz, the French within; they peered at one another over parapets, and potted each other's sentries (it was a wonder that in Metz they didn't *eat* potted sentry), but nothing more. The English public were getting eager for stirring details: a week had passed without a sortie. At last there appeared a grand account of one in B's paper: it was a sally of the first class, and full of picturesque incidents. B's paper sold like wildfire, for in this respect it possessed exclusive intelligence. No other paper had a word of the affair. Under these circumstances, the proprietors of A's journal wrote over to him indignantly to know why he had not sent them an account of it. Worse than the dull lover who makes no sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow, is the correspondent who leaves a Sally undescribed.

A mounted his charger, which had been in as many engagements as Wouverman's gray horse, and rode a day's journey—to B's hotel. B received him with effusion; gave him beef instead of horse-flesh, *pâté de foie gras* in place of water-rats, and turned away his wrath.

'Only,' said A at parting, 'confine yourself in future to individual combats. I don't mind you drawing upon your imagination for little facts of that kind. *But no more general sorties.* My proprietors won't stand it.'

Now, whenever there was really a sortie at Metz, Mr G. T. Robinson went out in it; to serve his newspaper and help the wounded. He had been used to that work before: here is his experience of it after the battle of Borny. He is at the farm Belle-croix, the centre of the late French position. 'Last night our troops held it; it was they who loop-holed those walls. That blackened mark against the gable is caused by a spent shell from Ste Barbe, which just had strength enough to reach but not to breach the wall. The sign which swings over the door is riddled with bullets, for this road-side farm, like most other road-side farms in France, was an inn also; even the very finger-post in front is pierced through and through, and the little stone cross, at the parting of the way there, is chipped and pock-marked in a sacrilegious manner. That was once

the Belle Croix which gave this place its name. The ashes of the French camp-fire at the crossing are yet alight, but there is no soldier near. It is very strange this absence, for this was to be the great day of victory.

'Infuriated at being potted at, the guardians of this field of death will not let us go forward, so, ascending the rising land to our right, we work our way across the fields, and are soon on the crown of the hill, and here, O God! what a sickening sight awaits us. There, in front, is a clean even line of dead Frenchmen, three deep, laid out with military regularity. Craning their necks to peer over that crest, the foe caught them; he had crept into that wood close by, and, as they raised their heads to aim, they were all dead men. Most of them have fallen forward on their faces, their arms extended, some with their fingers on the trigger they never had time to pull. Some few have reeled backwards, and then there is a smashed and battered face turned up to heaven. If the blood of Abel cried to Heaven for vengeance, these men's blood appeals also, and that battered image of their Maker is their offering priest. There is another there whose face is half shot away. Surely it must be fancy—but no, it moves; and then it flashes upon our mind that there may still be some living men yet here, and that therefore we have a duty to do in which a neutral may engage, and we go up to him. Yes, poor fellow, this one still lives, though it might almost seem to be the greater mercy to end that life of pain which, should he live, he will have to carry about with him. But, as he lives, something must be done. The question is, what? Not a French soldier is near, not a French doctor, not one of that multitudinous and polyglot assemblage who sport their white *bras-arms* with so much complacency in Metz. There is no help for it but to go right up to the Prussians there, and ask in God's name their help for a wounded enemy. This is done; and with true noble-heartedness a party of their own men and a cart are sent off with us for any wounded we may find. Here and there we pick up another still breathing soldier, and consign him to the kindly hands of those who a few hours ago were just as anxious to kill him as they are willing now to save. This is the scene of the hottest part of the fight, and the dead lie thickly round. The Prussian officer accompanies us, and, like ourselves, he almost weeps over the spectacle. He is a non-combatant officer—an officer of the engineers—and though just where we stood the French dead lay heaped up high, he did not disguise the fact that there, further down in the valley, the Prussian dead this morning rose much higher. Once more I am on the road bordered by junipers—their shadow falls heavier now; the road is thickly strewn on both its sides with dead and dying men—almost all on this side of the valley French, and almost all on the other side of the valley Prussians; for in these days of long range, that *mêlée* in the fight and that mingling in the death which made the chivalry of the wars of old, has passed away, and there is nothing left but dull animal slaughter. We still wander on, searching for the living amongst the dead. Five miles of dead and wounded are there in these valleys and up these hill-sides. . . . There lies a Chasseur de Vincennes. Surely he must be living, his colour is so good—nor can he be deeply wounded. Why, then, is he so still?

Hearing French voices near him, he looks up, pretending to awake out of sleep. For about ten hours he has lain there in mortal funk—no other word will do—and the wretched coward appeals to us to deliver him from the hands of the Prussians.'

After Borny, Mr Robinson tells us that the Germans could have marched right into Metz if they had only chanced to know that it was defenceless. As it was, they only rode round it, and looked into its formidable walls. Some Uhlans who had actually got as far as the railway station were scared away by a boy shooting sparrows. Fearing an ambushade, they withdrew in astonishment, and Metz was saved by a want of that knowledge the Germans were supposed to possess so abundantly, and from which supposition so many innocent persons had to suffer the misery of actual arrest, and the daily dread of its occurrence. In short, it was Sebastopol over again!

Mr Robinson, who saw much of what he writes about, has evidently no great faith in the military mind. If *all* is not Luck (as a great strategist once frankly declared was the case in war), it is certainly half the battle: and, with the exception of that bit of good fortune for Metz, the luck was not on the French side—and they wanted it very much. It is impossible to set forth the innumerable instances of tardiness, ignorance, want of accord, and general incompetency which Mr Robinson's book* attributes to the French commanders. They were almost all fools except Bazaine, who knew no more of strategy than the rest, but who had the wits of a traitor; for that Metz was betrayed it is impossible to doubt, if we believe our author. As for the science of the war, indeed—though it must be remembered he only saw the early days of it—the Prussians themselves had only one idea of achieving success—namely, by force of numbers. Of the dreadful engagement of St Privat, he writes: 'Taking advantage of the two woods of Doseuillons and De la Cusse, the Prussians pushed forward enormous masses of men on to this point, at the same time making a strong demonstration from Ste Marie-aux-Chênes on the position of St Privat. On they poured them. Our batteries of mitrailleuses established on the heights mowed them down at twelve hundred to fourteen hundred yards' distance in long black rows. There was no science in their attack; it was simply brute force and stupidity combined; the more we killed, the more there seemed to be to kill. After a time they knew it would be physically impossible for us to keep on killing them; both our men and our ammunition would be exhausted; so on they kept pouring fresh troops after fresh troops in murderous wantonness. To crush by force of numbers seemed the only idea. There was no attempt to outflank us, which might so easily have been done, as their line was longer than ours, and we could not advance, they holding the roads in check. . . . We were simply beaten not by tactics, but because we could not butcher any more. At last our ammunition failed us, and then the generals lost their heads. Regiments were ordered into impossible places, overlapping each other in the clumsiest fashion, simply placed where they could be the most conveniently killed,

* *The Fall of Metz.* By G. T. Robinson. Bradbury, Evans, & Co.

and then forgotten; no supplies of ammunition were brought up, and Canrobert's corps was absolutely pushing back the enemy from his position on our right, really bending him back, when the last round his artillery had was fired. At the same time the 67th stood for three hours right in front of a wood, being leisurely shot down by the Prussians, without a single cartouche to fire; not a single non-commissioned officer came away from that wood; and two-thirds of the regiment remained with them. An ambulance was pitched at a place appointed by Frossard, who, in half an hour afterwards, had so far forgotten where it was, that he ordered some artillery immediately in front of it. Of course, the Prussian fire comes plunging into it to silence this, and over it into our ambulance to silence many there. Bursting in the midst of the poor maimed, wounded, and amputated men, come the shells, and the horrors of war are intensified to a pitch beyond the power of the most devilish imagination to surpass. Good God! this is glorious—splendid work, war! The profession of arms is certainly the noblest calling when it is conducted thus; here are poor men killed over and over again, that is, they go through the horrors of death many times; and what with their generals, and what with their doctors, it is a wonder there are any left. Certainly glory is very beautiful when it is encountered in a shelled ambulance; and one is rather puzzled to define what is murder, or what not. It seems to me that somebody ought to be hanged for this, and then the tragedy would be completed.'

Talking of 'glory,' our author gives us a curious account of that infamous 'Baptism of Fire' by which Napoleon endeavoured to win his soldiers' hearts by the sacrifice of his boy's feelings. Never since that devil's sacrament was the Prince Imperial seen in public again. 'On that sad 2d of August, when that most wilful murder was done—on that day, when a special train took the emperor, the prince, the marshals, and as many generals as could be got to witness unjustifiable homicide to Saarbruck, the poor little nervous child was made to direct the first mitrailleuse fired by the army of the Rhine. The shock to his system was more than he could bear; old soldiers might indeed weep, but they wept for sorrow when they saw the poor little fellow's terror at the dreadful sound. The special train which took him out from breakfast a moderately healthy youth, brought him back to dinner a shattered lad, hysterically afflicted with what is called St Vitus's dance; and he never was exhibited in public after that time.'

It is well that at some periods of life, at all events, nature will not permit us to become butchers. Even grown men shrink from the contemplation of the shambles when the work is done. Speaking once more of the sacrifice of their men made by the Prussian chiefs at Gravelotte, our author says: 'Nine miles of dead represent the great line of that day's battle; for round the valley from Doncourt to the Bois des Ognons, in front of Gravelotte, cannot be less than nine miles, and every mile is strewn with dead. Pray, stop one moment, and think of any nine miles you know, and try to realise the fact, that these nine miles, between breakfast and dinner time, were covered with killed and wounded men and horses.'

It is wickedly selfish of us at home to shut our

eyes to such pictures because they are too horrible to contemplate, and then to be so ready to cry out 'War, war!' on the least occasion—ignorant of what it means, and of what it may cost our own fellow-countrymen. Here is a picture which such thoughtless persons would do well to hang up in the gallery of their memory; it is a battle-piece, *After Gravelotte*, by Robinson. 'Daylight begins to dawn, and we seek carriage—that is, jolting unhung carts and mule cacolets—to convey our wounded. Now, as we raise them up, and torture their poor wounds by moving them, for the first time do we hear a cry. The groans of the dying, the shrieks of the wounded, do not exist on the battle-field; but far more dreadful and awe-striking than they would be, is the awful stillness of that battle-field at night. There is a low quivering moan floats over it—nothing more; it is a sound almost too deep for utterance, and it thrills through one with an indescribable horror. You seem to feel rather than to hear it—it creeps over every sense. Hardly a word is uttered, save only a low, half-wailed-out thought of: "Ohé! ma pauvre mère, ma pauvre mère!" Nothing is more touching—nothing fills one's eyes with tears, and makes one's lips quiver, more than this plaintive refrain, chanted out as a death-chant by so many sons, who never more on this side the mysterious boundary they are crossing will ever see again that longed-for mother. "Ohé! ma pauvre mère, ma pauvre mère!"—the wail seems to creep over me yet.

'With the earliest streak of daylight, we commenced loading our convoy of suffering, and, selecting some sixty or seventy of those whose wounds were sufficiently serious to make instant removal necessary, but not too serious to bear the journey safely, we loaded our carts and mules, and turned our faces once more towards Metz. Slowly and sadly we creep out of the death-valley, and the quaint-hooded forms of the sentinels who challenge us cut out strangely against the green and gold of the morning sky. It is a powerful picture that. Up out of the mist-filled valley we creep, the quaint mule with its suffering load swaying from side to side at each step. Doubled up, contorted, and assuming odd unusual attitudes, these poor wounded, bandaged, and slung soldiers scarcely look like human beings. We too, worn out, dusty, and blood-begrimed, drag ourselves up the hill. The extinguished lantern swings lazily by our side, a few bandages hang trailing from our pockets, as we issue into the morning light. Not a walking-stick, not a pipe is left us: our walking-sticks soon went, cut up into tourniquet-keys; and, last of all, went our pipes also. Twisting up tightly by the stem, and with the bowl pressed well down on the artery, you can hardly have a better extempore tourniquet-key than a common wooden pipe, though I confess to a pang when I parted from mine, even to save a soldier's life. I am ashamed to say I thought about it, and looked around to see if I could not find something else; but I could not—so my pipe went. It came back to me, however, after many weeks, and was brought back to me by the man whose life it saved. He, poor fellow, had treasured it, in the hope of some day restoring it to the Englishman; and it was with an exuberant gratitude that my pipe was returned. Deprived, at this time, of this solace, and doubly depressed in consequence, we presented a sad picture of weariness and suffering as we

answered the challenge of the sentinel. The bugles sound the reveillé; hill answers hill; muffled by the woods, the Prussian bugle-call comes up the valley; and there is a lark singing high up in the air there to greet the coming sun. Not all the noise, and din, and carnage of yesterday has driven him away, and he sings as gaily as ever, although his natal field is strewn with dead and dying men.'

It is no wonder that such scenes should put strange thoughts into men's minds. It is bad enough to see slaughtered men, 'but far more horrible to come across some poor soldier half cut away, but yet living. Nothing can we do for him, poor fellow; he must lie and wait for that death which seems so long in coming. Often and often have I been tempted to hasten it; and I still think it would be wiser, kinder, and more Christian to blow out the flickering lamp, than let it smoulder away in hours of anguish. I am told it is very wicked to say such things, but I confess that argument does not convince me.'

Perhaps that question may some day engage the attention of moralists and others, when the absorbing interest of whether the House of Bonaparte or Hohenzollern shall have the pre-eminence has passed away.

Enough, however, of the reverse of the medal, Glory. Let us look at its bright side. 'The cavalry passes on in brilliant array. The Chasseurs d'Afrique canter past as though coming from a review: it is wonderful to see how clean and smart they look. Regiment after regiment moves by. The Zouaves march straight over the country—straight in a line they go—nor wood, nor wall, nor steep hill-side, nor deep ravine stops them. It is their boast that they take a bee-line from point to point, and they would sooner risk half-a-dozen lives than deviate a yard. It may be very grand, but it strikes one as rather foolish, when we see how much that last hill took out of them. The sun is now fairly up, and this side of the medal of war is wonderfully picturesque and inspiring. Gaily dressed regiment after gaily dressed regiment flashes by. Bright waves of colour seem to pass over the hill; even the rapid rattle of the artillery, as it rolls along the road, has an exciting and inspiring sound, which, for the moment, wipes out the thoughts of the night.'

Nor are some strokes of humour absent to supplement these glowing descriptions. Though the Prussians are brutal enough to shoot (or to threaten to shoot) in cold blood the franc-tireurs—who are the counterpart of our English Volunteers, and even of their own Free-shooters, raised by special proclamation, when luck went the other way, and the French were invaders of Prussia—they are good-natured and almost respectful to women.

'Whilst the Prussian troops were gradually investing us in Metz, these ruthless rough-riders rode into every village when least expected. In one of these, a poor old woman was washing what little store of linen was yet left her. She was very old, and her gray hair sprouted in silver tufts from her golden skin. The young women all had fled, and I fear, as young will, had taken most of the linen with them. At anyrate, she alone was left, and was thus engaged, when up rode some half a score of huge dragoons. They halt in front of her; they speak their barbarous tongue. The foremost man dismounts, and draws his sword.

Poor old woman! She falls upon her knees, and raises up her wrinkled hands and shrill treble voice for mercy: it is in vain. Not all those cries, not those silver hairs, nor can even that golden skin keep that ruthless man away; neither age nor ugliness protects her. Raising his sword with one hand, he stretches out the other towards her, and grasps—her soap. This he cuts in two, pockets the one half, places the other on the well wall, and growling out something like "*Pfahn, m'd'm*" from his hairy lips, retires. Poor woman! The shock was too much for her; she lost her temper, and swore at those retreating Teutons for being—thieves.'

But there is very little fun in Metz itself, especially after the news of the surrender at Sedan. From that moment, the beleaguered city is divided against itself. Bazaine and the Guard are imperialists. There was promotion to be got in the Guard; in the 'elegant regiments'; in the cavalry, 'for those who sat their horses well, and looked pretty at reviews,' under the régime of the emperor (and empress), which was denied to the unornamental artillery and engineers. These last are republicans to a man. Bazaine and Bismarck begin to understand one another. The marshal had his reasons—or 'G. T. Robinson, he' affirms he had—for his masterly inactivity. He keeps us in the dark as to the numbers of the enemy, and even exaggerates them. He suppresses the Metz newspapers which venture to be hopeful of ourselves, or disrespectful to the foe; he publishes his own official journal, painting all things black. He will have no sorties, though our forces within the walls are 'enormous,' and though towards the end of September we had very considerably enlarged the circle which at first enclosed us—a convincing proof that the enemy was not in reality stronger than ourselves. Not a sign made the chief, who ought to have been the source of our hopes. 'Never did he shew himself outside the gates of the château he monopolised at Ban St Martin. By day, he smoked; and he played billiards by night. If rumour be true, he also had other amusements; and he scandalised the whole town of Metz by sending all over it for a *pâté de foie gras*, and offering any sum for the toothsome luxury, when the soldiers were—needlessly, I do believe—reduced to two hundred grammes of bread per day. Never once did he visit the camps to cheer the soldiers during their long weary time of waiting. Never once did humanity dictate to him a visit to the ambulance, amongst those poor wounded who had fought under his orders. Like his master, he was selfish and self-indulgent. He staid waiting at home, haggling for that price which he hoped to gain. *Parlementaires* began now to pass frequently, and we knew that he was playing us false. Political ambition, not military duty, was now the leading idea which possessed his thoughts. It was Senator, not Marshal, Bazaine who ruled us; and he dropped down in ordinary parlance to be *M'sieu*, the lowest form of vernacular degradation to which a Frenchman can be debased.'

There was no absolute lack of provisions: feeding was not dear at any time in Metz, whatever dining might be. The inferior joints of horse-flesh could always be got for a halfpenny a pound; the middle cuts were 2½d.; and the *viande de choix* (filet excepted), 5d. The tit-bits (from the *filet*),

with fat, were four francs a pound. Worst of all, there was no tobacco. *Pas du tabac* was the cry of Madame behind the clean counter and empty shelves of the tobacco-shop, as she lifted her eye from her knitting. Those who had private stores of it were immensely popular, and our author was, fortunately, one of these. He became a still more universal favourite by his invention of post-balloons. His profession was that of an architect, and he seems to have given his mind to scientific matters generally. The account of his experiments and their success is interesting, but we have no room for it here; it is enough to say that he furnished the link between the captive Messieurs and the outside world. But there was no reverse communication ever. Balloon-letters did not arrive in Metz, but only departed from it; some to reach England and the *Manchester Guardian* office; and some to amuse the Prussians, who fired at the balloons, and brought them down. In the latter case, he writes plaintively of certain carrier-pigeons which were sent with the letters, that 'their fate was pie.' A German *parlementaire* came into the town to say that they were both welcome and tender, after which we sent no more feathered messengers, nor, of course, received any news by such. Next to food, what was most longed for was newspapers. Expeditions—paper-chases—were planned solely with the object of procuring them. Everywhere was a rigorous search made. 'Not a Prussian fell, but he was searched instantly; and I have no doubt but that some of our doings in the search for news appeared duly heightened in Prussian journals, and English ones too of Prussian proclivities, as the "barbarous conduct of French soldiers to Prussian wounded." Certainly, we rifled their pockets, not for money—that we never found in abundance. Even if we had found it, it would have been useless to us, the very filthy lucre of *silbern groschen*, and such-like imitations of real money, would have been untranslatable in Metz; so there was no temptation to take it. But newspapers had a market value, dependent upon their date. A recent one would fetch two or three napoleons (we were still imperialistic enough to stick to the name, though the red and righteous called them *pièces de vingt*), but newspapers of later dates would descend so low as one franc fifty centimes; and at *Merci-le-Haut* there was a good take. Paper was plentiful.'

There were other pressing wants, however (though, as we have said, never absolute destitution), beside newspapers. 'Eggs rose to one franc each, and sugar even to nine francs; but this was a luxury I abandoned early. So long as any was served out to us at the cafés, I took it, and pocketed it for the sick in the ambulances, who dearly loved a bit of sugar. Coals we had none, and our supply of gas was almost exhausted when the end came. Our greatest want was salt. This was the cruellest deprivation of all; nine francs has been paid for a pound of it; and he who could give a pinch to a friend was a valuable acquaintance, for our only absolute suffering arose from this cause. Horse-flesh requires some seasoning to make it palatable day after day. All sauces had disappeared, and our food was *chevalresque* in the extreme. Horse-flesh soup usually excellent; boiled horse-flesh by no means bad, and often very good; horse-beans as a *legume*, varied by lentils occasionally, and a *rôti* of horse—often tough beyond mastication,

and always horsey—made our unvarying *menu*. This was tiresome, and not highly nutritious, as the animal had generally lived as long as possible, and was only killed to prevent his dying; but absolute hunger and famine never existed, nor did I ever hear of such a thing as deaths from want of food, excepting those of a Jew and a Turco, who died from famine rather than touch the unclean beast. I saw that Turco die. I tried to persuade him, firstly, that it was wrong to starve himself to death; but that he could not see. If Allah willed it, it was the will of Allah, and that was enough for him. Then I'm afraid I lied horribly, and called it beef; but the poor man looked me through, and saw that it was a lie, and I felt very wicked as I stood before him. Nothing availed. Poor fellow, he was badly cut up by a shell, and the wound suppurated awfully, and without such strengthening food as we could get him, he must die; and as the only thing we could get was the thing he would not eat, he did die. He folded his hands over his head, pressing down a slip of the Koran he wore in an amulet round his wrist, gave a deep sigh, and, with an "Allah il Allah," he faintly wailed his soul away. He and I were thrown much together. Like many another Turco, he could speak no French, but, like most dwellers by the blue Mediterranean, he knew somewhat of Italian. This, and the somewhat I knew, formed all the means of communication that existed between that poor fellow and all the world beside. Poor old Turco, I shall often think of him! There was a gray sort of oxidation came over his bronzed face as he died; his yellow eyes blanched a little, and his white teeth seemed to smile on me as he winged his soul away. Poor old Turco!

The horses suffered from want more than the men, for there was no forage. The few that remained wandered about the camp spiritless and tailless, for they had eaten each other's tails and manes. Our author saw hundreds of them die—some quietly, some with their fore-feet planted in the mud, the head erect, each hair standing individually from its hide, the eyes blood-shot and protruding, and apparently in all the agony of fright. On the damp flat of *Ile Cambière*, only one horse, out of thousands, remained alive. 'Poor animal! he laid himself down to die; but one of the convalescents from the Polygon, who had been as near to death himself, was passing at the moment, and a sentiment of pity prompted him to seek and find a few straws from a disused mattress, laid aside to be burned. Re-entering the Polygon, he found them, and returning, sat himself down by the poor expiring beast. Straw by straw he fed him. The flaccid lips mumbled them awhile: at last he managed to eat a little. Another handful was fetched, and the horse raised his head: his life was saved. His history rapidly spread, and he became the one recipient of all those little acts of charity, which, though perhaps not unrecorded in the great account-book, had spent themselves unavailingly on all the equine crowd. The little bits of bread so many a trooper spared from his own scanty portion now all fell to his sole lot. Scarcely a doctor passed on his way to the neighbouring ambulance but brought him some small crust, and the horse revived. The white horse of the *Ile Cambière* became a notable of Metz, and when I came away I saw him trot, absolutely trot, towards me for my last gift.'

Man never came to such dire distress in Metz as that poor horse did, and yet, as we know, he came to the same end, and had to surrender to a Prussian master. The tale of that capitulation would seem to belong to politics rather than to war, and is therefore of less interest than the rest of this admirable volume. Of Bazaine's treachery, our author speaks of his own knowledge; but there is one matter which he narrates from hearsay that we unfeignedly hope is not a fact. 'It was commonly reported—so commonly that I almost think it must be true—that it was a frequent custom of the Prussian troops to elevate the butt-end of the musket in the air as a token of surrender, but, on the French troops rushing forward to take the Prussians prisoners, the deadly gun was lowered, the butt brought to the shoulder, and a murderous fire poured into the advancing and unprepared French. This disgraceful proceeding caused the death of many a soldier who found himself without ammunition, or whose retreat was cut off—slain in consequence of the bad faith of his comrades, when he in good faith desired to yield himself a prisoner, as fight was possible no longer.'

If this be true, though civilised man has sought out, in War, so many inventions, its effect, it seems, after all, is to degrade him to the level of the cunning savage.

THE STRANGE STORY OF WILLIAM HARRISON.

THE facts of the following strange history are derived from a tract contained in the collection formerly in the possession of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, but now in the British Museum. The tract is entitled: *A True and Faithful Account of the Examination, Confession, Trial, and Execution of Joan Perry and her two Sons, John and Richard, for the supposed Murder of William Harrison, Gent.; being one of the most Remarkable Occurrences that hath happened within the Memory of Man: sent in a Letter by Sir T. O. [Thomas Overbury, nephew to his accomplished but ill-fated namesake] of Burton, in the county of Gloucester, Knight, and one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace, to T. S. [Thomas Shirley], Doctor of Physic in London. London: printed for Rowland Reynolds, next Arundel Gate, over against St Clement's Church, in the Strand. 1676.*

Mr William Harrison, in the year 1660, was steward to the Lady Viscountess Campden, at Campden, in Gloucestershire. He was then an old man, being about seventy years of age. On Thursday, the 16th of August, he set out from Campden, where he resided, to walk to Charringford, a distance of about two miles. The purpose of his journey was to receive rents for property belonging to Lady Campden. That night, as he did not return at his usual hour, his wife became uneasy; and, after waiting until nearly eight o'clock, sent a man-servant named John Perry to Charringford in search of him. But, although they waited up for them all that night, nothing was seen of either Mr Harrison or the man-servant.

Early the next morning, Edward, Mr Harrison's son, went towards Charringford to try to gain tidings of his father. On his way there he met Perry returning from thence, who informed him

that he had been to Charringford, but had been unable to find his master. They then went on together to Ebrington, a village between Charringford and Campden. There they were told by one Daniel, that Mr Harrison had called at his house the preceding evening, on his way from Charringford, but that he did not stay there long with him. They then proceeded half a mile farther on, to Paxford, but there they heard nothing more of William Harrison, and therefore determined to return. On their way back to Campden, they met a person who told them that a hat, band, and comb had been picked up in the highway by a poor woman. As the woman was then gleaning in the neighbouring fields, they went to her. On the woman producing the articles she had discovered, the son at once identified them as having been worn by his father when he left home to go to Charringford. On further examination, it was found that the hat and comb had been cut and hacked about, and also that the articles were covered with dried blood. At their request, the woman at once took them to where she had found the articles. It was on the highway, near a great furze-brake, between Ebrington and Campden. A careful search was then made of the spot, for the body of the missing man—it being concluded that he had been murdered for the sake of any money he might have had with him—but after the most diligent search nothing more was found.

When the news reached Campden, the place was so alarmed, that men, women, and children in multitudes hastened to search the surrounding neighbourhood for Mr Harrison's dead body. But the search was made in vain. His wife's fears for her husband's safety, which were very great before, were now much increased; and as she had sent the servant, John Perry, the evening before, to meet his master, and he had not returned all that night, she suspected that he had robbed and then murdered him.

In consequence of these suspicions, on the following day Perry was examined before a justice of the peace concerning the cause of his staying out all night on the evening he went to meet his master. The account he gave of his behaviour was, that when his mistress sent him in the evening, he went down Campden Field towards Charringford. On his way there, he met a man living at Campden, named William Reed, and spoke to him, and told him his errand. He also told him that, as it was getting late, he was afraid to go farther, and would therefore go back, and return with him.

He then accompanied him back to Mr Harrison's court-gate, where William Reed left him, and that he then remained for some time standing outside the gate. While he was waiting there, a man named Pearce passed by. As he knew this person, he went with him a little way along the fields, and then returned with him to his master's gate, where they parted. As he was ashamed to go into the house, and tell the servants the cause of his return, he went into the hen-roost, and lay down. Here he remained for about an hour, but was unable to sleep. While staying here, he heard the clock strike twelve. He then determined to go again in search of his master. He had gone some way towards Charringford, when a great mist arising, he missed his way, and therefore lay down for the rest of the night under a hedge.

When the day broke, he proceeded to Charringford, to the house of Edward Plasterer, and inquired for his master. Plasterer told him that his master had called on him on the afternoon of the previous day, and that he had then been paid three-and-twenty pounds for rent, but that Mr Harrison did not stay long after he had received the money. He then went to inquire of William Curtis, who lived near the same place. Here he was told that his master had called on Curtis the day before; but as Curtis had not been at home, Mr Harrison had left without seeing him. It being then about five o'clock in the morning, he retraced his steps towards Campden, and on the way back had met his young master, as has been previously related. On Reed, Pearce, Plasterer, and Curtis being examined, they confirmed everything that Perry had stated about them to be true. Perry was then asked by the justice how it was that he was afraid to go in search of his master at nine in the evening, when he was bold enough to go there at midnight. To this he replied that at nine it was dark, but that at twelve it was moonlight. He was then asked how it was that, on returning home twice, after he had been sent to meet his master, he did not go into the house to ask if he had come back. He answered that he knew his master had not come home, because there was a light in his bedroom, which was never to be seen there so late when he was at home. Notwithstanding the plausible manner in which Perry accounted for the way in which he had spent the night, it was not thought advisable to liberate him from custody, until further search had been made for the body of the missing man. He therefore continued in custody for about a week, during which time he was again examined, but no further information could be obtained.

It having been rumoured that during his restraint he told some one who pressed him on the subject, that his master had been killed by a tinker, and that he had said to others that he had been robbed and murdered by a gentleman's servant, who had hidden his corpse in the bean-rick at Campden, further search was made there, but with no result. At length, Perry declared that if he were again examined before the justice, he would disclose a secret, which he would tell to no one else. On being again brought before the justice who had previously examined him, he confessed that his master had been murdered, but he denied having done the deed. The justice then told him that if he knew that his master had been murdered, he must know by whom the deed had been done. At last, Perry confessed that he did know. On being further urged to confess everything he knew about the matter, he declared that the murder had been committed by his own mother and brother. On hearing this, the justice cautioned him to consider well what he said, assuring him at the same time that he feared that it was Perry himself who was guilty of his master's murder, and at the same time told him that he ought to be careful not to draw more innocent blood on his head, for what he had said might cost his mother and brother their lives. But the prisoner continuing to assert that he spoke nothing but the truth, the justice desired him to declare how and where the deed was done. He then confessed that both his mother and brother had tempted him, ever since he had been in his

master's service, to steal for them; reminding him how poor they were, and that it was now in his power to relieve them by simply giving them notice when his master went to collect the rents, for they would then waylay and rob him. He further said, that on the morning of the day his master went to Charringford, he went on an errand into the town, and in the street met with his brother; and that he then told him his master was going to collect the rents, and that if he waylaid him, he might obtain the money. He also said that when his mistress sent him to seek his master, he met his brother at the gate. They then went on together a little way, when they parted, but soon after again met, and then went together until they came to a gate that led into Lady Campden's ground, called the 'Conygree.' Through this gate, to those who had a key to open it, was the nearest way to Mr Harrison's house. Perceiving, as he thought, some one pass through the gate into the grounds, he concluded that it must be his master on his way home, for no one could enter the grounds without possessing, as his master did, the key to open the gate. But it was then so dark that they could not distinguish anything with certainty. He then advised his brother to follow his master into the grounds, and rob him there, while he himself, to give him opportunity, would walk about the fields for a time. His brother consented to this, and followed his master into the grounds. After waiting for a time, he followed his brother into the Conygree. There he discovered his master lying on the ground, his brother being on him, and his mother standing by.

On being asked by the justice whether his master was then dead, Perry replied that he was not, and that after he had reached him, he heard his master cry: 'Ah, rogues, will you kill me?' When he saw what they were doing, he asked them not to kill his master. But his brother only replied: 'Peace, you fool!' and then proceeded to strangle his victim. After murdering him, his brother proceeded to take a bag of money from his master's pocket, and flung it to his mother. Then he and his brother carried the dead body into the garden that adjoined the ground. There they consulted what should be done with it. At length, they agreed to throw it into the great sink behind Wallington's Mills, that adjoined the garden. His mother and brother then directed him to go up to the court next to the house, and listen if he could hear any one abroad, while they disposed of the body. He also said that after that he did not return to them, but went through the court-gate that leads towards the town. There he met with John Pearce, with whom he went into the field, and afterwards returned with him to his master's gate. From thence he proceeded to the hen-roost, where he lay till twelve. He then went out, taking with him his master's hat, band, and comb, which he had stolen from the body, and hidden there. After cutting them with his knife, he laid them down on the highway, where they were afterwards found.

In consequence of his confession, Perry's mother and brother were at once taken into custody on the charge of murdering his master. The sink into which it was supposed that Mr Harrison's dead body had been thrown was carefully searched, as well as all the ponds in the neighbourhood, but nothing was discovered. It being supposed that

the dead body might have been hidden in the ruins of Campden House, which had been burned during the civil wars, search was also made there, but with no result.

When the mother and brother were confronted with Perry, they denied all knowledge of the murder, and bitterly accused him of bearing false witness against them. Perry, however, still persisted in his accusation, stating that he was willing to die if he had not spoken the truth. When a piece of rope with a slip-knot at the end, which was found in his brother's pocket, was shewn to him, he declared that it was the rope with which the murder had been committed.

In the spring following, when Perry and his mother and brother were tried for murder, they all pleaded not guilty. Perry, when his confession was brought forward in evidence against them, denied its truth, stating that he was then mad, and did not know what he said. The result of the trial was that they were all three found guilty of the murder of William Harrison. A few days afterwards, they were brought to Broadway Hill, in sight of Campden House. There they were all three executed, strongly denying their guilt.

Now, the most remarkable part of the history remains to be told. A few years after, William Harrison himself returned to Campden. The account he gave of his absence was that, as he was passing through Ebrington furzes, some persons stopped him, flung a cloak over his head, fastened his wrists together, and then carried him across the country to the sea-coast. When they reached Deal, they sold him to a person for seven pounds. He was then put on board a vessel; there he remained at sea for six weeks. From thence he was transferred into a Turkish ship. When the vessel reached shore, he was sold to an aged physician at Smyrna, and remained there until his master's death. Then he ran away, and concealed himself on board a ship, which took him to Lisbon. From thence he found his way to London. The account thus concludes: 'Many question the truth of this account Mr Harrison gave of himself, believing that he never was out of England. That Mr Harrison was absent from his employment for two years is certain; and if not carried away, as he affirms, no probable reason can be given for his absence; he living plentifully and happily in the service of that honourable family, to whom he had been then related above fifty years, with the reputation of a just and faithful servant, cannot reasonably be thought to have forsaken his wife, his children, and his stewardship, and leave behind him, as he then did, a considerable sum of money in the house. We cannot, therefore, in charity but believe that Mr Harrison was carried away; but by whom, and by whose procurement, is the question. Those who did it, he affirms never to have seen before. That he was spirited—that is, stolen—to be sent to the Plantations, and there sold a slave, as some are said to have been, is noways probable, as he was an old and infirm man, and taken from the most inland part of the country; and if sold, as he apprehends he was, for seven pounds, would not recompense the trouble and charge of his conveyance to the sea-side. Some, therefore, have had bad thoughts of his eldest son, not knowing whom else to suspect, and believe the hopes of his stewardship, which he afterwards (by Lord Campden's favour) enjoyed, might induce

him to wish his father removed; and they are the more confirmed in this from his misbehaviour in it. But, on the other side, it is hard to think that the son knew of his father's transportation, and consequently of these unhappy persons' innocence as to the murder of him, and yet could prosecute them to the death as he did; and when condemned, could be the occasion of their being conveyed above twenty miles to be hanged in chains, where he might daily see them, and himself stand at the foot of the ladder when they were all executed, as he likewise did. These considerations, as they make it improbable the son should be privy to his father's transportation, so they render the whole matter the more dark and mysterious, which we must therefore leave unto Him who alone knoweth all things in His due time to reveal and bring to light.'

LOVE AND WAR.

He crossed the mountain-paths alone,
Quick-radiant as the tender morn;
He wooed me by the altar-stone,
Where all our vows were sworn.
I heard the lark sing round his nest;
I heard, from love's divine eclipse—
His breast was burning on my breast,
His lips upon my lips.
Full sweet and glorious were his words,
Like bells that ring with marriage glee:
But war leapt out of Hell, and stole
My lord from me.
Wild clarions shook the commonweal;
The legions of the land arose;
They swept like glancing streams of steel,
To smite the nation's foes.
I saw the hosts at early morn
Wind westward in their bearded might;
I heard the giggling bugle-horn
Laugh at the drum's delight:
I held the stirrup for his foot,
The best in that bright company;
One word—one kiss—and then he flashed
Like light from me.
Came one at length with trembling pace,
And fearful speech, and wandering eye;
A thousand deaths were in his face,
And one poor victory.
Another and another came,
With mangled limb and bleeding breast,
Who blew new-kindled fires of fame
Of heroes gone to rest:
Then came the laurelled legions home,
To lovers waiting wistfully:
But oh, dear Lord, he never came
To me—poor me!
I know not if I waked or slept
That weary, weary, woful night;
I only know I never wept—
My eyes were dry as light:
Yet in a trance I seemed to thread
The horrors of the battle-plain;
I found my hero cold and dead
Above the conquered slain:
And then he seemed to be alive;
I clasped him—oh, how tenderly!
'Twas but his ghost that soothed my arms:
God pity me!

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